

The Mirror

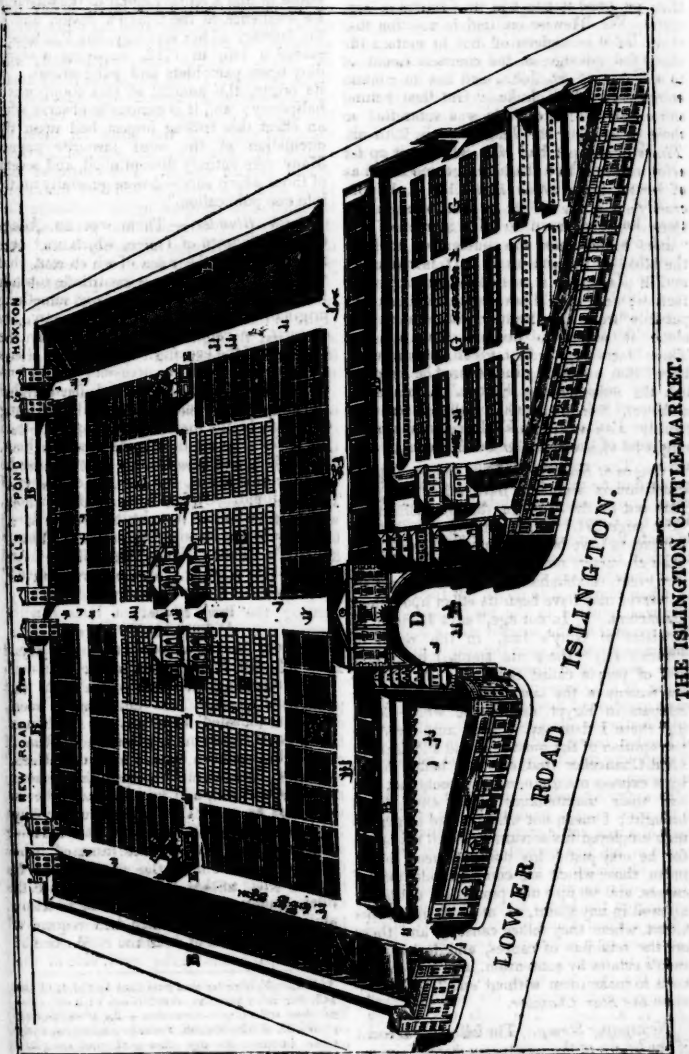
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 776.]

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1836.

[Price 2d.



THE ISLINGTON CATTLE-MARKET.

UPWARDS of eight years since, (see *Mirror*, vol. xi., p. 65,) we lent our humble aid in illustration of the *Abattoirs*, or Public Slaughter-houses in Paris, which plan it was then proposed to adopt in the suburbs of our metropolis. Hence was anticipated the removal of the necessity of driving cattle and sheep through the crowded streets of London, and to and from Smithfield, which has long been complained of as an almost intolerable nuisance, productive of scenes disgraceful to those wearing "the human form." The *Times* newspaper had hitherto lent its powerful influence in furtherance of this scheme of humanity, or rather this effort to abolish cruelty; and the Editor allowed one of his Correspondents to describe the drovers as "more brutal than the beasts they drive;" the blood of the animals to be, from fatigue and ill usage, in a state little short of putrefaction; and their flesh as far removed as possible from the healthy state, in which alone it ought to become human food. These facts were well attested, and it was hoped that something would be done to abolish the nuisance; especially as a practical architect, (Mr. Hakewill,) had shown the facility with which so desirable an object might be effected. It, however, proved otherwise. The scheme was approved of on paper, but no more; and admiration, in this case, proved only unsubstantial patronage. Even the Corporation of the City did not stir to abate the nuisance of their market; while they left the friends of humanity to civilize their drovers; they would punish by law, that is, when compelled to do so, but their humanity was tethered to the magistrate's chair. The removal of the market was a matter of mammon, in which even the fear of unwholesome meats, and the preservation of the public health, were not duly considered: it was a question of finance; and humanity was but a feather in the balance; while the taunt of London being behind Paris in the means of supplying its citizens with food was borne in silence.

This apathy induced a private individual to try what might be done by the establishment of a new cattle-market; and such determination he has carried into effect to the extent illustrated in the previous Engraving. This shows an area of nearly fifteen acres, abutting on the Lower Road, Islington, near to Ball's Pond Turnpike-gate. This space is inclosed by a substantial brick wall, about ten feet in height, within which are sheds on all the four sides, each of which is 800 feet long, and the span of the roofing to the sheds is 25 feet. The roofs rest on the inclosing walls outward, and on substantial piers inward. These sheds are divided into pens or stalls of convenient extent for the

reception of beasts, with yards or layers before them, in which the cattle may range. Here they may be foddered and watered from market-day to market day, or until the purchasers may have occasion to use them. A road or drive goes on each of the four sides of the market, within the layers before the stalls; and within this road are other yards or layers, for cattle also; but these are without sheds. Within these cattle-yards are layers for sheep. The rest of the inner area, save the centre, is disposed in pens for sheep: the layers being for conveniently exposing them for sale; and the latter for them to remain in after they are sold, or if they should remain unsold. The centre of the inner area is a circle, of 150 feet diameter, intended to be occupied by an Exchange for the meeting of salesmen and graziers, and offices and dwellings for money-takes. At present, the latter only have been erected.

The inner area is likewise quadrated by roads crossing it at right angles, and lying opposite to the entrance gateways. Drains and sewers run through the whole area, and two large tanks furnish the establishment with water.

Thus far the upper or quadrangular portion of the market. The lower part is of irregular, triangular form; the right-hand portion being reserved for slaughter-houses,* or occupied by inclosures for pigs. Here, likewise, is the principal entrance from the Islington Lower Road by an arched gateway, and footways, through the centre of a building containing offices for the clerks, &c.: it is placed in the middle of the west side of the market, and recedes about 60 yards from the road. The sides immediately fronting the road consist of houses with shops, built in the embellished style now common in the new streets of the metropolis. Here, likewise, is another entrance.

"The situation of this establishment is, perhaps, the best that could have been chosen for its purpose, lying open, as it does, to most of the great roads from the northern and eastern counties, from which the principal supply of cattle and sheep to the London market is derived, and communicating conveniently, by means of the New or City Road, with a greater part of the town—without driving through the heart of it,—than any other would have done. Indeed, the new Road affords direct and easy access to the Market from the western roads also; but both town and country will require a similar establishment near the confluence of the principal roads on the south side of the

* It should here be observed that the plan of the proprietor is to connect the Market with an establishment affording conveniences for slaughtering on the plan of the French *abattoir*. After our early interest in this and every other portion of the plan, we need scarcely add our best wishes for the proprietor's entire success.

river.* The Market was opened for business in the course of the past month.

The prefixed Engraving will be more readily understood by the following

EXPLANATION.

- A. Buildings in the centre of the Market for Money-takers' Offices and Dwellings, where also it is proposed to erect a circular Exchange.
- B. Cattle Sheds, with large, open Layers in front, surrounding an area of 15 acres, capable of holding 8,000 beast, either tied to the rails, or loose in distinct sheds or layer, and each separate layer constantly supplied with water.
- C. Pens for holding 40,000 sheep.
- D. Principal Entrance to the Cattle-Market.
- E. Windmills and Tanks, for pumping and supplying water to the whole of the Market.
- F. Slaughter-houses.
- G. Market for Pigs.

* Companion to the Almanac for 1834, p. 236.

The Naturalist.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

(Continued from page 243.)

11.—*Mudie's Natural History of Birds.*

AFTER an attentive perusal of this little volume, we think we may recommend it as one containing much interesting and instructive matter, though not of that kind which, from its title, we should have expected,—it relating chiefly to the physiology of birds. It is illustrated by upwards of one hundred and forty wood-cuts of, collectively, birds, and their bills, feet, and sterna; and it also has a frontispiece printed in oil-colours by Mr. G. Baxter, who, by the way, claims the invention of printing in this manner, though it appears to have been done long before his recent revival of it; for Haslewood, in his "Roxburghe Revels,"* speaking of Heber's reprint, (in June, 1815,) of T. Cudwoode's "Caltha Poetarum; or, the Bumble-bee;" a rare collection of poetry, says:—"The bumble-bee of the title was cut in fac-simile. In the first title was introduced a marygold, and upon my suggestion, printed in natural colours."

Idle Speculations.—It is not seldom that Mr. Mudie, having described a bird's structure, noticed how admirably it is adapted to the various functions it performs, and presumed to declare that it could not have been better, (thus placing a limit to the Almighty's power,) indulges in speculating on the many inconveniences or miseries it would have been subject to, if it had been made after such a manner as he may be pleased to imagine. Unfortunately, this sort of trifling is not peculiar to Mr. Mudie, but is observable in the works of several contemplative writers, not excepting Ray, who furnishes us with a striking specimen of it in his work "On the Wisdom of God in the Creation," where he

entertains us by speculating on the inconveniences we should have endured, and the deformities we should have been, had we been made with tumours or wens on our necks! Now is it not quite as, if not more, warrantable to suppose, that if such an addition had been given us as a natural and constant appendage, the Creator would have made it as easy to bear as the arm that hangs by our side? and certain it is that we should not have been conscious of any deformity, seeing that all of our species possessed it, and believing that they always had done so. In a word, we would say—Let naturalists write on the works of nature as they are, and not as they might have been.

Logic for those who can't think, (p. 6).—As Mr. Mudie has told us in page 4, that in early youth, his arguments "went but awkwardly in mode and figure," we are not so much at a loss to conceive how he could write the following:—"To suppose," he says, "that we desire that which we do not know, is just as absurd as to suppose we see what we do not see; and if there is nothing external answering to the desire, then the whole is more purely a mental matter, and, consequently, more exclusively a result of former knowledge, than if it had a tangible object. Even when the infant evinces the first desire for nature's own cup, and before its little features have smiled on the parent by whom that cup is bestowed, or its little fingers have plied that elementary geometry and arithmetic by means of which it learns to measure space and count time,—even then, the knowledge of hunger must come before the desire of food; for if we venture to apply that ignorance-cloaking word instinct, even here, we abandon mind at the very outset, and immortality is a dream."

We have heard of an old woman, a constant attendant at church, who being asked by the clergyman if she understood his sermons, to which she used to listen with the greatest attention, modestly said, "D'ye think I'd have the presumption?" Now we are sure that Mr. Mudie's readers, cannot have the presumption to say they understand the above extract. It is totally deficient of logic, as we will show by analysis. First, he says that "it is absurd to suppose that we desire that which we do not know." Let us ask what induces people to buy books but the desire to learn that which they do not know? What induces people to go to see a new play, or a new comet but the desire to see, that which, at the time of their desire, they do not see. We readily admit the remark that, it is "absurd to suppose that we see what we do not see,"—it is a truism that was known to Adam and Eve, very soon, we believe, after their creation. Secondly, he declares that, "if there is nothing external answering to the desire, then the whole is

* See *Athenaeum* for January 4, 1831.

more purely a mental matter, and, consequently, more exclusively, a result of former knowledge, than if it had a tangible object?" How can any man be so obtuse as to affirm, that our desire—a mental matter—for what does not exist,—for what is not,—is a result of former knowledge? Is it not quite clear that we can have no knowledge of that which has *no being*, is neither material nor immaterial, neither visible nor invisible? What Mr. Mudie says of the infant and its mother's breast, (we beg pardon for not calling it "nature's own cup," though it is an odd sort of cup,) is an attempt to be very poetical, no doubt; but could there possibly be a more unfortunate illustration?—For he has declared it to be absurd "to suppose that we desire that which we do not know," and now he brings before us a hungry infant evincing its *first* desire for that of which it cannot have acquired any "former knowledge."

Insects flying, (p. 36.)—Mr. Mudie says, that "bees, flies, and all insects which have membranous or naked wings, cannot *hover*, or lean on the air with still and expanded wings."

We never knew before that "to *hover*," and "to lean on the air with still and expanded wings," were synonymous. With us its meaning has always been to *flutter* over; and such is the definition given of this verb in Bailey's *English Dictionary*, (1770.) We have often seen the dragon-flies, (*Libellulæ*), and the *Bombylius major*, hover or flutter over the earth in the manner of a hawk. The latter insect, the Rev. Mr. Bree, three years ago, mentioned his having been much amused in watching, "as it hovered over a frame of Alpine plants" in his garden. "The object," he says, "on which it seemed to have set its affections was a pot of *Aubrietia hesperidiflora*," an elegant little plant. * * * The *Bombylius* poised itself in the air, much in the same way as the common kestrel or windhover, (*Falco tinnunculus*), does, with its body perfectly motionless, but its wings all the while vibrating most rapidly."

Panting of Birds.—Mr. Mudie says, that in birds, "the operation of *breathing* alters the form of the body much less than in the mammalia," (p. 55,) and that "they do not *pant* as the mammalia do, when they have over-exerted themselves."—(p. 80.)

How does this agree with these remarks of Rennie?—"The lungs (of birds,) compared with those of quadrupeds are rather small; but the air-cells with which they communicate occupy a considerable extent of the chest and belly. These cells are much divided by partitions, furnished as has been observed in large birds, with muscular fibres, supposed to be employed in sending the air back to the lungs, as is done by the diaphragm in other animals, and which is wanting in birds."

• Magazine of Natural History, vol. vi., p. 73.]

This is, no doubt, the reason why birds appear to pant so much in breathing, a much greater portion of the body being always put in motion than in quadrupeds."†

Insects, (p. 99.)—Why does Mr. Mudie talk of "marine insects?" when it is known that there are no insects, properly so called, in the sea, a fact which he appears subsequently to have learned; for further on, at page 227, he says, no birds can be insect-feeders when out at sea, "there being no insects there."—(See *Mirror*, vol. xxvi., p. 149.)

Night-jar, (pp. 115, 198, 200.)—We are certain that neither Mr. Mudie nor any one else, ever knew this bird to suck goats, so we must protest most strongly against his calling it goat-sucker.—(See *Mirror*, present volume, p. 164.)

Flying of Insects, (pp. 160, 161.)—Mr. Mudie says, that "no insects can continue long on the wing," and that "though their muscles act to very considerable advantage, they must move their wings so incessantly, that they are soon worn out, and fall to the earth."

Now, suppose the size of a bee is the tenth part of that of a linnet, will not the tenth part of what is as a mile to the latter, be as a mile to the former? And may we not suppose that what is as an hour to the latter, is as an hour to the former? In such case, we may be disposed to consider the flying capabilities of the two with some allowance for their comparative sizes, and the comparative length and strength of the muscles, &c., that belong to their instruments of flight. We think that it will then be found, that some insects can continue on the wing as long, in proportion to their size and adaptation for doing so, as some birds can. If the insect had feathers, which Mr. Mudie regards as always necessary to long flight, it would, perhaps, be able to fly greater distances at a time.

Insects and Birds, (p. 173.)—Mr. Mudie says, that the general habit of the dentirostres, "is that of feeding upon insects and their larvae, in what may be called the free state."

The "free state" of insects we never heard of before, and it is difficult to comprehend what is meant by it; notwithstanding our author telling us, that it is "when they are so situated as that birds have not to hawk for them on the wing, or to dig them out of the earth, the bark of trees, or other places of concealment." It is easy to say it is "when;" but, pray, when does what he describes as this "free state" occur. We should say that insects, in either of their three and only states, which naturalists call the larva, pupa, and imago states, must be obtained by birds either hawking for them

† Faculties of Birds, p. 232.

on the wing, or by digging them out of the earth; for it is only by mere accident that insects are to be picked up from the surface. If these dentiostiral birds neither hawk, dig the earth, nor turn over the clods, their feeding on insects would be a rare, and not a "general habit."

Shrikes, or Butcher-birds, (p. 194.)—"Many of the beetles on which they feed, have the elytra, or wing-cases, very hard, almost proof against the action of the bill, notwithstanding its strength and its notches. In these cases, the birds are understood to pick their prey upon thorns, and divide and eat it at their leisure by the strokes of their bill."

That many beetles have very hard elytra we admit, but if they are only "almost proof against the action of the bill," certain it is that the bill is more than a match for them. But moths have no hard elytra, being quite soft insects; yet the butcher-bird sticks them on thorns, as naturalists well know. We have often found moths thus impaled near to the haunts of these birds, and, from what we have observed, think that they do not eat them afterwards. The motive they have in practising this singular habit, will only be discovered when closer observations have been made.

Parrots, (p. 210.)—"Their powers of articulation are sometimes really wonderful; the coincidences between the questions put to them and the answers which they return, must, in all cases, be regarded as purely accidental; and they claim their appearance of understanding, just as the predictions of pretended seers do their supposed knowledge of the future, from the fact that the ninety-nine cases in which there is no coincidence are forgotten, while the one case out of the hundred in which the answer agrees with the question is remembered and repeated."

We have extracted this observation because we know, that there are many persons who are weak enough to suppose, that parrots understand the meaning of the words they utter.

Systems, (p. 385.)—"No classification of birds can be either natural, or valuable as an index to their history, of which the sternal apparatus does not form a considerable, and even the leading part."

Blainville's systematic arrangement of birds is founded upon the form of the sternum, clavicle, and furcal bone, in accordance with a plan communicated to the French Institute in 1812. He also takes into consideration those external characters which are usually regarded as diagnostics.—J. H. F.

Truth will be uppermost, one time or other, like cork, though kept down in the water.—*Sir William Temple.*

Useful Arts.

ORNAMENTAL WOODS.

By A. Aikin, Esq., Secretary to the Society of Arts.

It is not known when the colours and veinings of wood first attracted attention, and occasioned a preference to be given on this account to one kind of wood over another. The taste of the Greeks appears to have been almost exclusively directed to sculpture as a source of ornament, and therefore, although we occasionally meet with descriptions of wooden drinking-cups in the poems of Homer,* of Theocritus,† and other writers, the notice of the reader is never directed to the material, but to the elaborate carving of foliage and of figures with which they were enriched. We are certain, however, that the Romans began to pay attention to the subject in the generation prior to the Augustan age, when luxury of all kinds was at its height. In the writings of the satiric and epigrammatic poets who flourished under the Cæsars, we meet with frequent allusions to the enormous sums given for tables of ornamental wood, but the most copious and interesting account of this department of luxury is to be found in the Natural History of Pliny the elder,‡ from which the following particulars are extracted.

By far the most costly wood was procured from a tree called citrus, a native of that part of Mauritania which is adjacent to Mount Atlas. In leaf, odour, and trunk, it resembles the female wild cypress. The valuable part is a tuber or warty excrescence, which, when found on the root and under ground, is more esteemed than when growing on the trunk or branches. When cut and polished it presents various figures, of which the most esteemed are curling veins, or concentric spots like eyes, the former being called tiger-wood, the latter panther-wood. Sometimes both these figures are mixed, producing a resemblance to the feathers in a peacock's tail. The colour appears to have been a warm brown of different shades. The only polish that they ever received was given by long rubbing with a dry hand. Tables of this material appear to have been first brought into fashion by Cicero, who is said to have given for a single one a million sesterces, i. e. 8,079*l.* One belonged to Gallus Asinius, which was valued at 8,879*l.* Two, which had formerly belonged to King Juba, were actually sold, one for 9,700*l.*, and the other for somewhat less. Another, which had been for some generations in the family of the Cethegi, was sold for 11,300*l.*, and in the time of Pliny was accidentally destroyed by fire. The largest ever known belonged to

* Odys. ix. 345.

† Idyll. i. 26.

‡ Plin. Hist. Nat. xiii. 29; xvi. 24, 84.

Ptolemy, king of Mauritania; it was four feet and a half in diameter, and four inches thick, being formed of two semicircular planks, so skilfully joined that the place of juncture was not discernible. These tables were generally set in a broad border of ivory. From the above description the Mauritanian citrus seems to have been a species of juniper, and is not to be confounded with the citron, or any other species of the genus *Citrus* of modern botanists. I mention this because in Italy they actually employ at the present day the old trunks of the lemon, orange, and citron, for painters' palettes, and other small articles of a like description.

The maple, also, was highly esteemed by the Romans, especially that which grew in Istria and Rhetia, and was distinguished by its curled peacock-tail veins. In beauty, Pliny says, it exceeded even the citrus, but could be obtained only in small pieces for writing-desks and similar articles.

In the time of Pliny the art of veneering was a recent invention; and he descants, in his usual antithetical way, on thus converting the cheaper into the most valuable woods, by plating them with these latter; and of the ingenuity of cutting a tree into thin slices, and thus selling it several times over. The woods employed for this purpose were the citrus, the terebinth, various kinds of maple, box, palm, holly, ilex, the root of elder and poplar. The middle part of a tree, he observes, shows the largest and most curling veins, while the rings and spots are chiefly found near the root. The veneers, or plates, were secured, as at present, by strong glue.

Of the ornamental woods now used in this country, mahogany, unquestionably, claims the first place; both because a greater quantity of it is employed than of all the other ornamental woods put together, and because it is applicable to every kind of cabinet ware, great and small. It varies much in quality and, proportionally, in price: for a log of the finest kind as much as 800*l.* has been given, and, I believe, even more. There are two kinds distinguished in the market, namely, the Honduras mahogany, from the Mosquito shore, and the Spanish, which grows in the island of Cuba. The former is generally the most in request; but, occasionally, very splendid specimens of the latter come to hand. In the Honduras mahogany, the medullary plates are large, and generally disposed in rows; the consequence of which is a high colour, much lustre, and rather a coarse grain. In the common, or Spanish mahogany, the medullary plates are small, and irregularly distributed; hence, the colour is paler, the lustre less, and verging to silky, and the grain is finer, than in the preceding. The inferior kinds are used solid; the finer varieties are cut into veneers.

Next in use is rose-wood, a native of Brazil.

It exhibits large elongated zones of black irregular lines on a reddish-brown ground, of various tints and high lustre. The grain varies, being often rather coarse, but, in selected specimens, sufficiently fine. The dark colour, in general, rather too much prevails; but when this is not the case, and the lighter ground is disposed in larger masses than usual, the wood is exceedingly beautiful.

A West Indian wood, that goes by the name of coccus, bears a great resemblance to rose-wood, only the colour is less red.

King-wood, likewise, comes from Brazil. Its general colour is a rich yellowish brown, deep in the veins, more dilute in the other parts. It has a fine grain and a moderate lustre; the smaller pieces are often striped, and sometimes it occurs full of elongated zoned eyes.

Zebra-wood—also, I believe, from Brazil—resembles king-wood, only the colours are generally disposed in irregular, but angular, veins and stripes. It is a very fine wood.

Coromandel-wood, from its name, I presume, is a native of India. It consists of pale reddish-brown fibres, crossed by large medullary plates of a deep rich brown, passing into black: these latter are chiefly conspicuous in well-defined veins and broad spots, admirably contrasting with the lighter parts; the lustre is silky where the medullary plates are small, but higher and more varying where the plates are larger and the grain coarser. It is, unquestionably, the handsomest of all the brown woods.

Giaca is, I believe, a Brazilian wood, and is exceedingly handsome, on account of its rich, hair-brown colour, its fine grain, and high lustre.

Other brown woods are,—

Snake-wood, from Demerara, in which the lines often bear a kind of resemblance to writing.

Crocus-wood, from Brazil.

Lignum-vite, from the West Indies; the colours of which are generally dull, dingy, and ill-defined.

Green ebony, from the West Indies, in which a greenish tint is discernible by daylight, but dingy and dull.

Sandal-wood, from Owhyhee; of a pale brown, a very fine grain, and a considerable satiny lustre.

The only perfectly black wood is ebony from Africa: that from the Mauritius and Ceylon is usually variegated more or less with cream-brown, and is sometimes very handsome; sometimes it produces accidental resemblances to moonlight falling on black clouds. Perhaps the Coromandel-wood is a variety of spotted ebony.

Of woods in which yellow, mixed more or less with orange and brown, is the prevailing colour, may be mentioned the satin-wood of India and of the West Indies, the former of

which has the richer colour, the latter the higher and more variable lustre.

Fustic also belongs to this class, forming the passage to the orange-brown woods. It has a high varying lustre, with moderate fineness of grain.

The red woods are not much used for ornament, except in small pieces for inlaying. Of these—

Africa furnishes the cam-wood and the barr-wood, this latter being distinguished by its rich purple tinge.

India furnishes red sanders.

Brazil furnishes tulip-wood and beef-wood.

And the West Indies, the pencil-cedar, or juniper, and the Havannah cedar; this latter being remarkable for its high, varying, and completely silky lustre.

A singular wood has lately been imported from Russia, where it is dug out of the bogs. It seems to be a birch; the ground is pale yellowish, but is prettily and singularly variegated by dark curved lines.

New Holland furnishes a wood of no great beauty, called Botany Bay oak.

The bird's-eye maple comes from the United States; and, although deficient in colour, merits notice from the eyes, and the very pretty, though small, markings with which its surface is overspread.

Our own country furnishes yew, of which the tubers and parts near the root are often extremely beautiful: for the combination of colour with figure, it ranks, perhaps, at the head of the eyed, or spotted woods. Walnut was formerly very extensively used as veneers for chests of drawers, and other large articles, in which it has of late years been superseded by mahogany. Its chief use at present is solid, for gun-stocks, many of which are extremely beautiful. The butt and larger roots of maple are likewise employed for gun-stocks, as well as selected pieces of ash, which, when properly coloured, show off their native lustre and figure to great advantage. The oak occasionally presents very rich figures; and tables made of such are much esteemed, notwithstanding its deficiency in variety and vivacity of colour.—*Transactions of the Society of Arts*, 1835, vol. i., pt. 2.

Manners and Customs.

CEYLONESE CANOES.

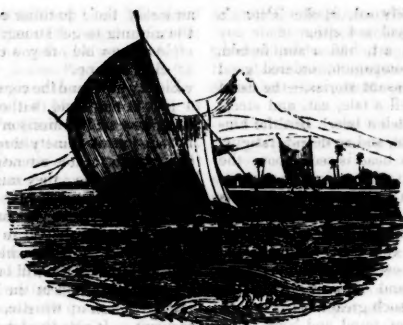
In one of Captain Basil Hall's nice little volumes, modestly entitled *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, we have participated the author's admiration of the canoes used by the natives of the island of Ceylon. The Captain's entertaining description is as follows:—

"The canoes of Ceylon, as far as I remember, are not described by any writer, nor have I met with many professional men who are

aware of their peculiar construction, and of the advantages of the extremely elegant principle upon which they are contrived, though capable, I am persuaded, of being applied to various purposes of navigation.

"It is not likely that we shall ever essentially improve the build or equipment of our boats; but it must always be useful to seafaring men to become acquainted with such practical devices in seamanship as have been found to answer well; especially if they seem capable of being appropriated upon occasions which may possibly arise in the course of a service so infinitely varied as that of the navy. It is partly on this account, and partly as a matter of general curiosity, that I think some mention of the canoes of Ceylon, and the balsas of Peru, may interest many persons for whom ordinary technicalities possess no charm. At least there appears to be an originality and neatness about both these contrivances, and a correctness of principle, which we are surprised to find in connexion with perfect simplicity, and an absence of that collateral knowledge which we are so apt to fancy belongs only to more advanced stages of civilization and philosophical instruction.

"The hull or body of the Ceylonese canoe is formed, like that of Robinson Crusoe's, out of the trunk of a single tree, wrought in its middle part into a perfectly smooth cylinder, but slightly flattened and turned up at both ends, which are made exactly alike. It is hollowed out in the usual way, but not cut so much open at top as we see in other canoes, for considerably more than half of the outside part of the cylinder or barrel is left entire, with only a narrow slit, eight or ten inches wide, above. If such a vessel were placed in the water it would possess very little stability, even when not loaded with any weight on its upper edges. But there is built upon it a set of wooden upper works, in the shape of a long trough, extending from end to end; and the top-heaviness of this addition to the hull would instantly overturn the vessel, unless some device were applied to preserve its upright position. This purpose is accomplished by means of an out-rigger on one side, consisting of two curved poles, or slender but tough spars, laid across the canoe at right angles to its length, and extending to the distance of twelve, fifteen, or even twenty feet, where they join a small log of buoyant wood, about half as long as the canoe, and lying parallel to it, with both its ends turned up like the toe of a slipper, to prevent its dipping into the waves. The inner ends of these transverse poles are securely bound by thongs to the raised gunwales of the canoe. The out-rigger—which, it may be useful to bear in mind, is always kept to windward—acting by its weight at the end of so long a lever, prevents the vessel from turning over



(Ceylonese Canoes.)

by the pressure of the sail; or, should the wind shift suddenly, so as to bring the sail a-back, the buoyancy of the floating log would prevent the canoe from upsetting on that side by retaining the out-rigger horizontal.

"So far the ordinary purpose of an out-rigger is answered; but there are other ingenious things about these most graceful of all boats which seem worthy of the attention of professional men. The mast, which is very taunt, or lofty, supports a lug-sail of immense size, and is stepped exactly in midships, that is, at the same distance from both ends of the canoe. The yard, also, is slung precisely in the middle; and while the tack of the sail is made fast at one extremity of the hull, the opposite corner, or clew, to which the sheet is attached, hauls aft to the other end. Shrouds extend from the mast-head to the gunwale of the canoe; besides which, slender backstays are carried to the extremity of the out-rigger; and these ropes, by reason of their great spread, give such powerful support to the mast, though loaded with a prodigious sail, that a very slender spar is sufficient. If I am not mistaken, some of these canoes are fitted with two slender masts, between which the sail is triced up without a yard.

"The method of working the sails of these canoes is as follows:—They proceed in one direction as far as may be deemed convenient, and then, without going about, or turning completely round as we do, they merely change the stern of the canoe into the head, by shifting the tack of the sail over to leeward, and so converting it into the sheet—while the other clew, being shifted up to windward, becomes the tack. As soon as these changes have been made, away spins the little fairy bark on her new course, but always keeping the same side, or that on which the out-rigger is placed to windward. It will be easily understood that the pressure

of the sail has a tendency to lift the weight at the extremity of the out-rigger above the surface of the water. In sailing along, therefore, the log just skims the tops of the waves, but scarcely ever buries itself in them, so that little or no interruption to the velocity of the canoe is caused by the out-rigger. When the breeze freshens so much as to lift the weight higher than the natives like, one, and sometimes two of them, walk out on the horizontal spars, so as to add their weight to that of the out-rigger. In order to enable them to accomplish this purpose in safety, a 'man-rope,' about breast high, extends over each of the spars from the mast to the backstays."

The Engraving shows three of these canoes, with Ceylon and Adam's Peak, in the distance. It is, in the main, a copy from the title vignette to Captain Hall's volume.

The Public Journals.

BED-LIERS.

(From a paper on *Early Rising*; in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

THERE is a very amusing account of some rich state given by Berni, as a memoir of himself. Fortune had not played very fairly with him,—for, being of an original genius, and most unfit for the laborious service of others, he became secretary to Cardinal de Bibbiena, and afterward to Giammatteo Giberte, Bishop of Verona, and others; tired to death of writing, with his hands and pockets ever stuffed full of papers and his head with confusion, and all his resources failing by fire or flood, or Il Diavolo, he supposes himself to arrive at an enchanted palace, where every one does as he likes. He instantly orders a bed, and such a one that upholsterers should read the book to learn to make the like; it had pillows on every side, and was so large that he could swim in it, "come a fa nel mare." Near to him, just leaving

space for a table between, Master Peter, a French cook, who had not either made any great matter by his art, had a similar bed. He was a good companion, ordered good dishes, and told pleasant stories,—the usual routine being, to tell a tale, eat, and sleep, then eat, sleep, and tell a tale. But the Florentine seldom speaks, and so detests fatigue, that nothing but his head is seen above the counterpane; and that he might not move hands, feet, nor even his teeth, the attendants feed him by a silver tube made on purpose, on soups. Their great, and somewhat strange amusement, was to count the veins in the beams of the rafters overhead.

The Florentine and Master Peter the Frenchman were no such great fools. Perhaps by this refreshment of mind and body, they were laying in a stock of health, waiting tranquilly until the weariness of both might peel off; and then they might come forth renovated, fresh, and glistening, leaving their old skins behind them. We have ourselves seen more than once the benefit of the practice; it has invariably led to longevity. The fact is, at a certain age, and especially after a life of labour (as overseers of the poor well know), there is no killing a regular bed-lier. If he even wastes, he becomes a more concentrated vitality, a sort of living mummy. He is as safe from the common slayer as the antediluvian toad in his block of marble, the difference being, that one has a warm, the other a cold bed.

We knew two old men that had lived, or rather ate, dozed, and slept away years together in the same room, much like Master Peter and the Florentine, excepting that their fare was not quite so luxurious. Death came to the village his quarterly and monthly visits, and disposed of young and old; but somehow or other, he always overlooked them—even when he stepped into the poor-house, just after the doctor. The fact is, their heads were seldom out of the blankets, and their breathing was as soft and healthy as infants. Ever tranquil Michael, happy Philip! They could scarcely be said to have had an external world; if there was one, their eyes were closed to it. Often as we visited them, we could not swear we ever heard Michael's articulate voice; he never wasted his breath, as if determined not to die for want of it. Philip was occasionally communicative. So dead was he to common cares, so was he out of the reach of vexations and emotions, that, as we learned from himself, though he had had a numerous family, and most of them settled within a few miles of the parish poor-house where he lay, he knew not if they were dead or living. He communicated the valuable secret of life preservation.

"Philip," we said to him, "you will live for ever."

"Why," quoth he, "when young I was

but sickly, but I do think now my constitution is beginning to get strong."

"And how old are you then, Philip?"

"Aighty-nine."

Eighty-nine, and the constitution *beginning* to get strong; and without ever taking a single dose of Dr. Morison's! ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, and there was no visible alteration. There is no knowing how long they might have lived had it not been for an accident. One cold wintry morning, very early, Michael thrust his left foot out of bed, whether in a dream, or that, like a grain of barley, he was growing out from keeping, never will be known. But at that moment Death or the Doctor passing, a blast, with a sharp whistle, came through the casement. It was the fatal dart; Michael's toe received it. It was nipt off before he could draw it in, the icy mortality crept upwards, and Michael's thin breath was frozen, and "slit" in a moment.

Philip slept through the death and burial of his friend Michael, and wot not of the matter. It was the only shock, they say, he ever was known to feel, when he awoke seven days after, and said, "Michael, a'n't you hungry?" The no answer would not have surprised him; but the old woman coming in to feed him, and her very particularly calamitous look, and the one mess instead of two touched him,—and his appetite failed him. Man can bear age and all its infirmities, but he cannot bear solitude. In a few days he became weak. The curate's wife was sent for. He had been a favourite; he wanted support, and she raised him in bed.

"Philip," quoth she, "you are going; tell me your last wishes; what shall I do for you?"

Society had its charm; Philip was comforted.

"What is your last wish?" repeated the good lady; "what shall I do for you?"

"Give me," said Philip, with astonishing strength of voice, "summut to eat!"

The curate's wife was too bountiful. She ran home, and brought him not only a plentiful meal, but a good stiff tumbler of gin and water. This was injudicious. The slender threads of life, that, quiescent and relaxed, would, with regularity, have long held the vital current, could not bear the sudden heat and extension from being thus wetted, and gave way, and the vapour of life escaped. There was one fillip too much, and very soon one Philip less. He was killed by kindness. Thus were they cut off in the flower of their old age. One went off below zero; the other evaporated at 180 of Fahrenheit.

Examples from real life are worth a thousand theories. We will offer but one more. We knew an old lady that lived in her bed to a wonderful old age, and retained all her faculties and all her cheerfulness. Her heir,

thinking she was too long "withering out," not now "a young man's revenues," came to visit her near about her hundredth year. Whether it was that he was naturally or habitually an early riser, or could not sleep of mornings for thinking of his inheritance, he paid her very early visits to her room, to inquire if she slept well. She was a shrewd observer, and determined he should be up betimes. At three o'clock in the morning (and she kept awake on purpose) she rang her bell violently, and down came the half-dressed expectant heir.

"My dear madam, I hope you are not very ill?"

She bade him come near. She laughed in his face, and said,—

"It is the first of April."

Now, what life and jollity was here—to make her heir an April fool in her hundredth year!

THE LADY OF ANNESLEY.

"There is nothing in all the histories of mortal sorrows and broken affections, more mournful and striking, than the idea of this lady, so bright and joyous-hearted in her youth, sitting in her latter years, alone and uninterrupted, in this old house; weeping over the poems, which commented, in burning words, on the individual fortunes of herself and Lord Byron."—*Howitt's Byronian Rambles.*

Suz sat in silence, and her tears fell free
Over the open volume on her knee;
She sat unheeding, while the hollow blast
Rushed through the trees whose shadow overcast
The ancient terrace walk. Within that room,
The very aspect of decay and gloom
Seemed gathering round its inmate; yet her eye
Ne'er glanced upon its fallen luxury.
Her bloom was gone for ever, sad and pale,
As a crushed lily withering 'neath the gale;
With none to break her solitude, or view
Her fearful eye, her cheek of marble hue,
Or the few grey hairs 'mid each braided tress,
And anguish failing all her loveliness.
'Twas mournful that so sad a change should fall
Upon the lady of that silent hall:
Was there not one to cheer her breaking heart,
To bid each wild and fearful dream depart,
And win her back to gladness? Could it be
She was forgotten in her misery?
Forgotten! by that oft-repeated word
What bitter memories in her heart were stirred,
Of him whose thoughts through all his wandering
Were ever turned to her—whom life could bring
No happiness. She thought of her own scorn,
And all the wrong that Byron's name had borne,
Then wildly gazed upon each line that told
Of love rejected—cherished hope grown cold—
Of thrilling agony—enduring care—
And genius fiercely striving with despair!
Her tears were dried; but a dark shadow grew
Upon her smooth white brow—"twas then she knew
How fervently he loved her. She is laid
Within her silent grave, beneath whose shade
All anguish is forgotten. Stern decay
Hath found a home within her mansion grey:
Dark ivy clings upon the terrace wall,
And wild plants grow around the ruined hall;
While bending there its branches rich and green,
A willow stands, as if it mourned the scene.
Not often in the coast is heard the tone
Of human accents; tall weeds have o'ergrown
The fountain, and its cooling waters lie
Hushed as the tears that flowed in Annesley!

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

STOTHARD'S PRINTS.

(From Reminiscences of Stothard.)

ENGRAVINGS from no artist, either of ancient or modern date, have ever been so widely circulated as those by Stothard: indeed, to such a degree, that perhaps no corner of the globe, however remote, but in some way or other has been in possession of a stray volume, or a print belonging to one, after Stothard. I remember an instance of this that was, some years ago, related to his son Charles, by one who knew well the youth to whom the anecdote refers, and who received the account of it from himself. It is worth mentioning.

The young man in question (whose name though I heard it, I do not recollect) was engaged with some of those unfortunate persons who, years ago, attempted to explore the more interior parts of Africa, commencing their adventure from the coast. In one of their interior excursions, they became entangled in the wilds of that savage country; and the young man of whom I speak, missing not only his companions, but his track, gave himself up for lost. Driven by extreme distress, he at last ventured to draw nigh to a native hut, yet fearful that in doing so he should perhaps but rush on certain death, and be murdered on the spot; he paused a moment, irresolute as to whether he should enter or not within the hut to seek assistance in this hour of extreme distress. Necessity, it is said, has no law; it unquestionably impels a man to follow that of nature; and those who are starving are compelled to seek food wherever fortune may direct them. Fear, however, was still the predominant feeling of the youthful adventurer, who, though he had been bred to the sea, and therefore was likely enough to face death with an undaunted spirit on the wave or in the battle, might yet, without reproach, shrink at the apprehension of it when it comes in the form of cruelty and murder. But there was no choice left; and so he took heart and boldly entered the hut. He said, that he found a strange and instantaneous relief to his feelings, for which he could scarcely assign a reason, by seeing hung up on one of the sides of this barbarian dwelling, in the very wilds of Africa, an engraving after Stothard, from the *Novelist's Magazine*, in such a sort of frame as the Jew pedlars hawk about in the country towns of England. It was to him a blessed sight, for it gave to such a place an air of civilization, and with that he connected a hope of personal safety—a hope that was not disappointed; for a female, black as night, almost naked, ornamented with beads and feathers, and her skin well greased with fat, came into the hut, and expressed great surprise, but no intents of cruelty, at the sight of him. His wants were pressing, and by signs he made her understand he needed food and drink. These she procured for him; and as hunger is pro-

verbally the sweetest of all sauces, he probably found the viands very palatable; as she, with extreme delight and true hospitality, amused herself by cramming the food she gave him into his mouth with her own greasy fingers; a piece of female gallantry our traveller was in no condition to insist on declining. The repast ended, he next endeavoured to make her comprehend that he had lost his companions and his way; and by the generous assistance of this modern Yaxico, in becoming his guide, and affording him her protection, he was once more enabled to retrace his steps in safety to his lost friends. But he never had any opportunity of learning by what extraordinary circumstance the print before-mentioned had found its way to grace the hut of a poor savage on the African shores, who probably valued it only for the glitter of the pedlar's gilt frame in which it was inclosed.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE MORNING STAR.

By Robert Nicoll.

Thy smile of beauty, Star!
Brings gladness on the gloomy face of Night—
Thou comest from afar,
Pale Mystery! so lonely and so bright,
A thing of dreams—a vision from on high—
A virgin spirit—light—a type of purity!
Star! nightly wanderest thou
Companionless along thy far cold way—
From Time's first breath till now,
On thou hast fitted like an ether-fay!
Where is the land from whence thou first arose;
And where the place of light to which thy pathway
goes?
Pale Dawn's first messenger!
Thou prophet-sign of brightness yet to be!
Thou teldest Earth and Air
Of Light and Glory following after thee;
Of smiling Day 'mong wild green woodlands sleeping;
And God's own sun, o'er all, its tears of brightness
weeping!
Sky sentinel! when first
The Nomad Patriarch saw thee from his hill
Upon his vision burst,
Thou wast as pure and fair as thou art still;
And changeless thou hast looked on race and name,
And nation, lost since then—but thou art yet the
same!
Night's youngest child! fair gem!
The hoar astrologer o'er thee would cast
His glance, and to thy name
His own would join;—then tremble when thou
wast
In darkness; and rejoice when, like a bride,
Thou blushed to Earth— and thus the dreamer
dreamed and died!
Pure Star of Morning Love!
The daisy of the sky's blue plain art thou;
And thoughts of youth are wove
Round thee, as round the flowers that freshly blow
In bushy dells, where merle and blackbird sing—
Flower-star, the dreams of youth and heaven thou
back dost bring!
Star of the Morn! for thee
The watcher by affection's couch doth wait:
'Tis thine the bliss to see,
Of lovers' food who 'mid the broom have met;
Into the student's home thine eye doth beam;
Thou listenest to the words of many a troubled
dream!

Lone thing!—yet not more lone
Than many a heart which gazeth upon thee,
With hopes all fled and gone—
Which loves not now, nor seeks beloved to be.
Lone, lone thou art—but we are lonelier far,
When blighted by deceit the heart's affections are!
Mysterious Morning Star!
Bright dweller in a gorgeous dreamy home,
Than others nobler far—
Thou art like some free soul, which here hath come
Alone, but glorious, pure, and disenthralled—
A spark of Mind, which God through earth to heaven
hath called!
Pure Maiden Star! shine on,
That dreams of beauty may be dreamed of thee!
A home art thou—a throne—
A land where fancy ever roameth free—
A God-sent messenger—a light afar—
A blessed beam—a smile—a gem—the Morning
Star!

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

New Books.

DR. FOEPPIG'S TRAVELS IN CHILI AND PERU.
(Continued from page 299.)*Ants in Peru.*

IN Peru, you are annoyed and persecuted by insects in everything you do, and are daily obliged to exert your ingenuity to discover means of encountering them, but are too often obliged to acknowledge, with vexation, that the acuteness of the human understanding is no match for the instinct of these little animals. After some observation, I was confounded at the great number of the species of the ant, for instance; for there is no part of the level country of Maynas where the ants are so numerous as in the Lower Andes; and even the North of Brazil, though filled with them, is a paradise in this respect, when compared with the mountains of Cuchero. From the size of an inch to half a line in length, of all colours between yellow and black, infinitely differing in their activity, places of abode, and manners, the ants of this country alone would engage the whole attention of an active entomologist for years together. Merely in the huts, we distinguish without any difficulty seven different species, as the most troublesome inmates—animals that are seldom met with in the forest, far from the abodes of man, but, on the contrary, indefatigably pursue and accompany him and his works, like certain equally mischievous plants, which suddenly appear in a newly planted field in the midst of the wilderness, and hinder the cultivation, though they had never been seen there before. How many species there may be in the forest is a question, which any one who has visited a tropical country will not be bold enough to answer. If I state here, that, after a very careful enumeration, six-and-twenty species of ants are found in the woods about Pampayaco, I will by no means affirm that this number is complete. Every group of plants has particular species, and many trees are even the exclusive abode of a kind that does not occur anywhere

else. With the exception of a very few kinds, a superficial observation makes us acquainted with the ants merely as mischievous and troublesome animals; for, if on a longer residence, and daily wandering in the forests, we perceive that these countless animals are, in many respects, of service, still it is doubtful whether the advantage is not more than counterbalanced by the mischief which they do. One of the indubitably very useful kinds, and which does not attack man unless provoked, is the Peruvian wandering ant, called in the language of the Incas *guagna-miague*; a name which is commonly, and very justly, translated *Que hace llorar los ojos*,—"which makes the eyes water;" for, if their bite gives pain for a few minutes only, he who imprudently meddles with them is bitten by so many at once, that he finds it no joke. It is not known where this courageous insect lives, for it comes in endless swarms from the wilderness, where it again vanishes. It is generally seen only in the rainy season, and it can scarcely be guessed in what direction it will come: but it is not unwelcome, because it does no injury to the plantations, and destroys innumerable pernicious insects of other kinds, and even amphibious animals and small quadrupeds. The broad columns go forward disregarding every obstacle; the millions march close together in a swarm that takes hours in passing; while, on both sides, the warriors, distinguished by their size and colour, move busily backward and forward, ready for defence, and likewise employed in looking for and attacking animals which are so unfortunate as to be unable to escape, either by force or by rapid flight. If they approach a house, the owner readily opens every part and goes out of their way; for all noxious vermin that may have taken up their abode in the roof of palm-leaves, the insects and larvæ which do much more damage than one is aware of, are all destroyed or compelled to seek safety in flight. The most secret recesses of the huts do not escape their search, and the animal that waits for their arrival is infallibly lost. They even, as the natives affirm, overpower large snakes, for the warriors quickly form a circle round the reptile, while basking in the sun, which on perceiving its enemies endeavours to escape, but in vain; for six or more of the enemy have fixed themselves upon it, and, while the tortured animal endeavours to relieve itself by a single turn, the number of its foes is increased a hundred fold; thousands of the smaller ants from the main column hasten up, and, in spite of the writhings of the snake, wound it in innumerable places, and in a few hours nothing remains of it but a clean skeleton.

Bite of a Snake.

Dr. Poeppig, passed more than five months in the solitude of Pampayaco, leading a very

uniform life; solely occupied with the increase of his collections, in which he was very successful. Christmas was at hand, and some preparations were made, as well as circumstances would permit in that lonely spot, to keep the festival, even though alone. But fortune had otherwise determined, for, going out on the evening of the 23rd of December, to cut down a tree that was in blossom, he suddenly felt a pain in his instep, like that caused by a drop of burning sealing wax, and, looking round, discovered a very large serpent close to him, coiled up with its head erect, seeming rather to be satisfied with what it had done, than to be meditating a second attack. From a sudden impulse, he attempted to kill the serpent, which he at length succeeded in doing, and then, recollecting his own danger, hastened to the house, which was about five hundred paces distant. But his foot had swelled considerably before he reached it. Happily, a creole inhabitant of Pampayaco, who was at hand, proceeded to the operation, though the Indians who were called in, after looking for the snake, declared the wound to be mortal, with the compound which is usual to them, and probably originates in their being accustomed to a nature, which daily threatens visible or supposed dangers. A blue spot, an inch broad, and two black points resembling the puncture of a needle, quite cold, and almost without feeling, showed where the bite had been inflicted. There being no instruments, the skin was pierced with a packing-needle, and cut away in a circle to the muscles, but the knife employed was so unlike that of a surgeon's, that it gave considerable pain. Black blood flowed copiously from it, for a large vein had, perhaps, fortunately, been divided. The most painful part of the operation was, the application of a piece of gold coin heated red hot, because, according to a superstitious notion of the Peruvians, silver or iron does harm. Meanwhile, the general pain increased so much, such frequent fainting fits ensued, and it was so probable that death would follow, that no time was to be lost. Our traveller wrote a few lines with a blacklead pencil to bid a last adieu to his friends in Lima and in his distant home. He urged those who surrounded him to send his collections and papers according to his directions, and promised them that they should have the rest of his effects. Having thus settled his worldly affairs, and reached, perhaps for the last time, his wretched bed, all around appeared to be involved in night, and, as he became insensible, the pain diminished. Long after midnight he recovered from his lethargy, and the vigour of youth obtained the victory; for a burning fever, a profuse perspiration, and a peculiar and severe shooting pain in the wounded limb, were indications of safety. But a storm howled in the forest, which an

ill-secured place in the leaf thatch could not resist, and large drops fell upon the sufferer. With much difficulty, he succeeded in moving his burning head out of the way, but his body was so swelled that it was almost impossible to move. No friendly hand was near to present a cooling beverage, or to prevent the rain from entering. The Indian, who had been left by the others to watch, convinced that death had taken place, and seized with superstitious fear, had long before fled to his companions. It was not till morning that curiosity attracted some persons, and relieved him from his painful situation. The succeeding days passed in great agony, for a large wound had been formed, and indications of the poison long remained.

A fortnight elapsed (says the Doctor) before I was able, with the assistance of an Indian, to leave my bed, and, stretched on the skin of an ounce before the door of my hut, again to enjoy the pure air and a more cheerful prospect. It was a lovely mild morning; several trees of the most beautiful kinds had blossomed during my imprisonment, and now looked invitingly from the neighbouring wood. The gay butterflies sported familiarly around, and the voices of the birds sounded cheerfully from the crowns of the trees. As if desirous to reconcile her faithful disciple, and to make him forget what he had suffered, Nature appeared in her most festive dress. Gratitude and emotion filled my heart, for certainly the goodness of the Supreme Power, in His care of man, is manifested in nothing so much as the faculty, originally bestowed upon every individual, of finding in the intercourse with the beautiful world of plants and animals, even under the pressure of severe suffering, a never-failing source of consolation and of joy.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

[This volume is a companion to a similar work on the House of Commons, published a few months since, with very considerable success. Such good fortune has not surprised us, as the book possesses so large a share of that personal interest which secures temporary if not lasting popularity. The present volume likewise possesses this attraction to a great extent, as our extracts show; the first of which may be said to occupy a similar station in merit. It is, indeed, a happy specimen of facile, descriptive writing.]

The King.

In person the King is about the middle height. He can scarcely be said to be corpulent, but his stoutness approaches to it. His shoulders are rather high, and of unusual breadth. His neck has consequently an appearance of being shorter than it is in

reality. He walks with a quick but short step. He is not a good walker. I know of no phrase which could more strikingly characterize his mode of walking than to say—"he waddles." The latter is not a very classical term, but in the present case it is peculiarly expressive. His face is round and full. His complexion is something between dark and sallow. What the colour of his hair is, I cannot positively say, as on every occasion on which I have seen him, he had either the crown or a hat on his head. As far as I could form a judgment, it is of a light brown. His features are small, and not very strongly marked, considering his advanced age. His nose is short and broad, rather than otherwise. His forehead is pretty ample both in breadth and height, but has a fineness about it which deprives it of any intellectual expression. His large, light-grey eyes are quick in their movements, and clear and piercing in their glances. His countenance is highly indicative of good nature blended with bluntness. You see nothing either in his appearance or manners that would lead you to infer that he was other than a plain country gentleman. That he is good-hearted, and unaffectedly simple in his demeanour, is a fact of which you are convinced the very first glance you get of him. The beadle of a parish, when clothed in his cloak of office, struts about at the church-door with an air of immeasurably greater self-importance than William the Fourth exhibits when he meets in state the Nobles and Commoners of the land. You cannot help thinking that he wishes in his heart he could either dispense with the prescriptive ceremonies he has to go through at the opening and closing of each session, or that, in the overflowing kindness of his soul, he forgets at the time he is the Sovereign of these realms. His every look and movement furnish evidence not to be mistaken, of the man triumphing over the monarch. It is clearly with difficulty that, in the midst of the procession to the throne, he restrains himself from suddenly stepping aside to shake hands with every nobleman he sees around him. As it is—contrary to the usual practice of kings on such occasions—he nods, and evidently says in his own mind, "How do you do?" to every peer he passes. Of his extreme good nature and simplicity of manners he gave several striking proofs at the opening of the present session. The day was unusually gloomy, which, added to an imperfection in his visual organs consequent on advanced years, and to the darkness of the present House of Lords, especially in the place where the throne is situated,—rendered it impossible for him to read the Royal Speech with facility. Most patiently and goodnaturefully did he struggle with the task, often hesitating, sometimes mistaking,

and at others correcting himself. On one occasion he stuck altogether, when, after two or three ineffectual efforts to make out the word, he was obliged to give it up, when, turning to Lord Melbourne, who stood on his right hand, and looking him most significantly in the face, he said, in a tone sufficiently loud to be audible in all parts of the House, "Eh! what is it?" The infinite good nature and bluntness with which the question was put, would have reconciled the most inveterate republican to monarchy in England, so long as it is embodied in the person of William the Fourth. Lord Melbourne having whispered the obstructing word, the King proceeded to toil through the speech, but, by the time he got to about the middle, the Librarian brought him two wax tapers, on which he suddenly paused, and raising his head, and looking at the Lords and Commons, he addressed them on the spur of the moment in a perfectly distinct voice, and without the least embarrassment or the mistake of a single word, in these terms:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have hitherto, not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but, as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which, I trust, will command your attention."

He then again, though evidently fatigued by the difficulty of reading in the first instance, began at the beginning, and read through the speech in a manner which would have done credit to any professor of elocution,—though it was clear he laboured under a slight hoarseness, caused most probably by cold. The sparkling of the diamonds in the crown, owing to the reflection caused by the lighted candles, had a fine effect. Probably this was the first occasion on which a King of England ever read his speech by candle-light, at the opening of his Parliament.

Shakespeare lays it down as a maxim—"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." In this Shakespeare is wrong. It is, no doubt, true as a general rule; but it does not admit of universal application. Had Shakespeare lived in the reign of William the Fourth, he would never have penned the observation in the unqualified way in which it stands. He would have seen in the person of our present Sovereign an exception to the rule. *His* head does not lie uneasily. The Crown sits lightly on it. Not that he is indifferent about the welfare of his subjects; far from it; but because he believes that they live under a mild and paternal and enlightened Government, and that, conscious of nothing but the most kindly feelings towards them, he never allows his mind to be haunted for one moment with any suspicion

of their loyalty to his person or fidelity to his throne. It is one of the irresistible tendencies of his nature to look on the sunny side of the picture; in this case his unsuspecting disposition will not betray him into any error. The generous confidence he reposes in the friendly feelings of his subjects towards him, is not misplaced. Few monarchs have reigned more in the affections of his subjects than does William the Fourth of England.

What I have said respecting the opening of the present session applies in the main to the opening of every session when the king is personally present. When he is absent, the opening takes place by commission, the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, reading his speech from the woosack.

The Great Seal.

There is nothing of which one hears so frequently, or of which so little is known, as the Great Seal. The statement, so often made in giving an account of the proceedings in the Upper House, of the Lord Chancellor carrying it before him, is altogether a fiction. His Lordship merely carries before him the bag in which it is deposited when he receives it from the King, or when, on his retirement from office, he delivers it up into his Majesty's hands. This bag is embroidered with tassels of gold, silver, and silk, beautifully worked together. His Majesty's arms are on both sides. The bag is about twelve inches square. The Great Seal is made of silver, and measures seven inches in diameter. It is in two parts, and is attached to the letters patent by a ribbon or slip of parchment, inserted at the bottom of the instrument through a slit made for the purpose. The ends of the ribbon or parchment are put into the seal, and the wax is poured into an orifice left at the top of the Seal for the purpose. The Seal is one inch and a half thick when fixed to receive the wax. The impression of the Seal is exactly six inches in diameter, and three quarters of an inch in thickness.

The obverse represents the King on horseback, habited in a flowing mantle, holding a marshal's baton in his right hand; in the background is a ship in full sail, surrounded with the legend, *Gulielmus Quartus Dei Gratia Britanniarum Rex. Fidei Defensor*: under the foreground of the figure is a trident within a wreath of oak. The reverse represents the King crowned, and in his coronation robes, holding the sceptre and mound, seated in St. Edward's Chair; on his right hand is Britannia, Peace, and Plenty; on his left, Neptune holding his trident, Religion, and Faith; over the head of the King are the Arms of England surrounded with palm leaves, and under his feet a caduceus, the whole within a border of oak leaves and

seorns. On every new accession to the throne a new Seal is struck, and the old one is cut into four pieces, and deposited in the Tower. The die for the present Seal was struck by Mr. Benjamin Wyon, and is allowed on all hands to be unrivalled as a work of art.

Sleeping Peers.

You will never, on any occasion, from the commencement to the close of a session, observe any of the Peers lying horizontally on the seats,—which is so general a practice in the other House. They have too high a sense of their own dignity for that. Neither do you, with two exceptions, ever see any of them somnolent. The exceptions I refer to are a Ministerial Duke and a member of the Right Rev. Bench of Bishops. His Grace has not been very regular in his attendance of late: formerly he was very exemplary in his legislative conduct in so far as his presence and his votes were concerned; but he never heard a word of the debates. No matter how important the question, or who were the speakers,—there he sat firmly locked in the arms of Morpheus, with his head half buried in his breast. He always sat, as Milton would have said, “apart by himself.” What is worthy of observation is, that he was most regular in his attendance when there was no subject of importance before the House; and when, consequently, the benches were comparatively empty. If there was one bench on his side of the House which was unoccupied, on it he was sure to seat himself. The Right Rev. Prelate to whom I refer has not quite so strong a disposition to somnolency: he only addresses himself to sleep occasionally during the proceedings; but when he does so, there is no mistake about the matter. Soundly and well does he sleep. Nothing will awake him until he has had his nap out. Not even the thunders of Lord Brougham’s eloquence, when in his most violent and impassioned moods, have the slightest effect in the way of disturbing the Right Rev. Prelate’s slumbers. While the Lord Chancellor, in the debate on the Irish Tithes Bill, in August, 1834, was causing the walls of the House to resound with the fierce invectives he hurled at “all and sundry” opposed to Ministers, and especially at the devoted head of the Earl of Mansfield,—the Right Rev. Bishop slept as “sweetly” as if his Lordship had only been singing a lullaby. The zest with which he enjoys a stolen slumber appears to be so great, that he must often, on awaking, have cordially concurred with Sancho Panza in invoking a thousand blessings on the head of him who invented sleep. In fact, the profoundness of his slumbers seems to be in proportion to the loudness of the tones of the speaker. How profound, if this hypo-

thesis be a correct one, would be his Reverence’s repose in the immediate vicinity of the Falls of Niagara! Byron loved the ocean’s roar. The roar of this mighty cataract would be “most sweet music” to the Right Rev. Prelate’s ears.

The Duke of Buckingham

Is sure to attract the attention of a stranger in the House, whether he happens to speak or not. His personal proportions are of a very unusual size. You may walk six months in the streets of London before you encounter so stout a man. His frame is, doubtless, naturally corpulent, and an easy disposition of mind, a life of indolence, and good living, have, in his case, effectually seconded Nature’s purposes. He is pot-bellied, and rejoices in a face, the size of which does no discredit to his general stoutness. The complexion of his countenance has something of a sallowness about it, and his hair is of a dark, brown colour. He has large, laughing eyes, deeply set: his features generally are highly indicative of that species of cheerfulness which may be most justly characterized by the term, “jolly!” When speaking of an opponent, or even looking at him from his seat, you see, from a peculiar expression in his eye, a lurking disposition to be sarcastic at his expense. In the chapter on “Scenes in the House,” I have given a lively one, in which his Grace was the principal performer. As there mentioned, there was something in his looks, as well as in the tones of his voice, of so very quizzical a kind, that Lord Brougham must have been as much stung by them as by the words themselves. Any one who chanced to observe the countenance of the noble Duke a little before he made the onset, must, though the merest novice in physiognomy, have perceived how he was, in his own mind, quizzing the Lord Chancellor. As a speaker, he has no pretensions to distinction. His style is bad; it is usually rough and incorrect. His matter is, if possible, still worse; ideas, he has few or none: the commodities in which he chiefly deals are declamation and rhapsody. If it be a sin to mangle figures of speech, and grossly to pervert the best tropes of other men, by applying them to some absurd matter of his own, never was public man more guilty than his Grace.

The Gatherer.

Chatterton.—Poor Chatterton! “the sleepless boy who perished in his pride,” overcome by the pressure of poverty, and stung to the quick by heartless neglect, began his immortality in a garret in Shoreditch. For two days previous to his death he had eaten nothing; his landlady, pitying his desolate

condition, offered him a dinner, which he indignantly refused, saying he was not hungry, and, soon after, put an end to his existence by poison. Crowds inflicted elegies on his memory, the length and breadth of which filled volumes; while the subject of these doleful tributes lies buried in a common workhouse in Shoe-lane, unnoticed by epitaph or eulogy.

G. H.

Fielding.—A literary friend one day called to pay Fielding a visit, and found him in a miserable garret, without either furniture or convenience, seated on a gin-tub turned up for a table, with a half-emptied glass of brandy-and-water in his hand. This was the idea of consummate happiness entertained by the author of *Tom Jones*,—by him whose genius handed down to posterity the inimitable character of Square, with his "eternal fitness of things."

G. H.

Anchovies.—A piece of anchovy almost instantly restores the just tone of voice to any one who has become hoarse by public speaking.

Split Peas.—Peas, when split, lose much of their flavour.

Oriental Inscription.—Feroze the Second, Emperor of India, being engaged in a military expedition, caused his army to halt while he erected a choultry, or resting-place for wayfarers; and considering that he was very old, and soon to die, placed on its wall the following inscription:—"I who press with my foot the celestial pavement,—what fame should I acquire from a heap of stones and mortar? No; I have piled these broken rocks together, that here, perhaps, the weary traveller, or broken hearted, may find repose."

—Dow's Indostan.

The *Swan-apping Day* was fixed by the swan-law, (instituted in 1570,) on the Monday after St. Peter's Day.

Venison.—In August, 1573, the Common Council of London forbade the venison-feasts in the halls of the City, from their being offensive to Queen Elizabeth.

Homicide.—It was one of the maritime laws of Richard I., that the homicide should be tied to the dead body, and cast into the sea.

Katerfelto, the conjuror, did not die at Bristol, as stated by a Correspondent, at page 132, vol. xvii. of the *Mirror*; but at Bedale, a market town, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. He was buried in the church there nearly facing the altar-rails; and over his remains is a stone with this inscription:

Here Lye the Remains
of Dr. Katerfelto,

Philosopher,

Who died November 15th, 1799,

Aged 56 years.

He died when on his travels with his black

cats, at an inn or public house. His widow, shortly after his death, married John Carter, a tailor: she soon taught her new spouse Dr. Katerfelto's art, which he practised at Leeds. They subsequently went to America.

E. T. S.

Curious Plant.—In the island of Cuba, is a plant which emits such an intense perfume as to be perceived at the distance of two or three miles. It is of the species *Tetracera*, and remarkable for bearing leaves so hard that they are used by the native cabinet-makers, and other mechanics, for various kinds of work. It is a climbing plant, which reaches the tops of the loftiest trees of the forest, then spreads far around, and in the rainy season is covered with innumerable bunches of sweet-smelling flowers, which, however, dispense their perfume during the night only, and are almost without scent in the daytime.—*Poeppig's Travels*.

The Chilians.—The shaking off the Spanish yoke, the rapid rise of commerce, and a sense of personal and national dignity, have not only influenced the moral character of the people of Chili, but have also extended their efforts to the external appearances and forms of ordinary life. Hence a greater change has taken place in the aspect of Valparaiso during the last ten or twenty years than in a whole century after the visit of Frazer and Feuillé. Since that time, the number of the houses and of the inhabitants has more than doubled. The wretched huts, in which even the rich were formerly contented to dwell, are gradually disappearing; and though it cannot be said that handsome buildings arise in their stead, yet the Chilian has learned to relish the comfort of houses in the European fashion, and to imitate them; and it may be expected, that Valparaiso, in a few years, will not bear the most distant resemblance to the dirty, disagreeable place which presented itself to the stranger on his first arrival there after the beginning of the Revolution.—*Ibid*.

Epitaphs.

From a stone let into the western wall of Barnet-Friarn Church, Finchley Common.

Stand Back I pray oh! doe not tread upon
A tender Budd crop't off before well blowne
Religion Beauty work a Peace Prudence those
And all that's good, yea lo'ue e'en unto Foes,
Hath flourish't in this late sweet wife of Rose.

Decd. 23 May, 1668, Aet. 27.

Her Junior Brother as God would ha'ue,
Tooke place before her in this Grave.

Feb. 1630, Aet. 12.

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